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# GEE AITCH 43

No. 38. General Hospital No. 43, Hampton, Va. Thursday, June 19, 1919

## The "Marines" at Theatre Tonight

### Enlisted Men's Dance a Success

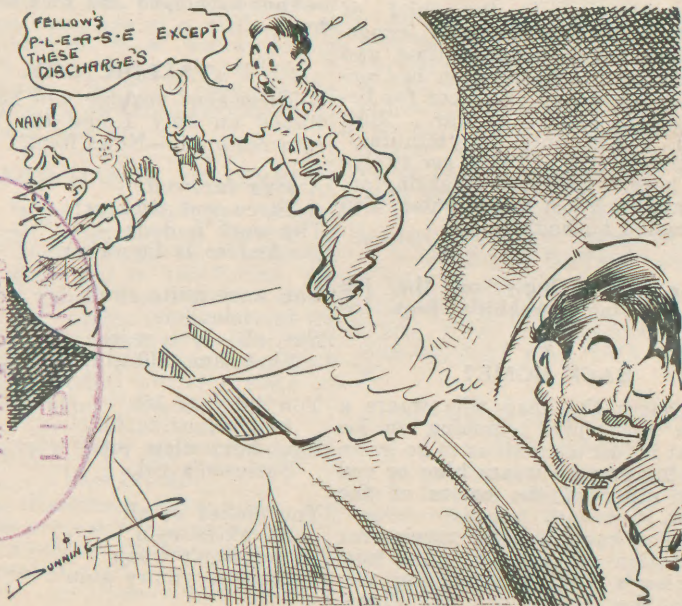
"The Marines" is a War Camp Community Service production, and is furnished to us by that organization through the Newport News chapter. They will appear on the local stage tonight in three one-act playlets with ten people. Theatre doors will open promptly at 7 o'clock.

### LARGE ATTENDANCE AT ENLISTED MEN'S DANCE.

The advent of the dance for the enlisted men in the Red Cross Con-

valescent building, Tuesday evening, brought forth the largest attendance since the resumption this spring of this delightful pastime. The War Camp Community Service workers, of both Hampton and Phoebus, co-operated admirably with Mrs. Moore, our new Red Cross mistress, and Mr. Knulley, our Red Cross Entertainment Director, in bringing a very delightful party of young women. The affair was handled very nicely by our

(Continued on last page.)



See Editorials.

ARMY  
MEDICAL  
APR 16 1920  
LIEUTENANT

## GEE AITCH 43

Published every day, except Monday,  
and devoted to the interests of  
General Hospital No. 43, Hamp-  
ton, Va.

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commanding officer.

J. H. French, Red Cross, field  
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Cartoonist, Pvt. 1st c. M. A. Dunning  
Reporter.....Corp. W. W. Shankweiler

## Officer of the Day:

Lieutenant Pacinni.

Thursday, June 19, 1919.

Procrastination is the thief of time, but the procrastinator generally steals other people's time and saves his own. Washington had occasion to reprimand an officer for being late at a council of war. "But, general, I lost only five minutes," urged the culprit. "There are twelve of us here," answered Washington. "We have each lost five minutes. You have wasted an hour."

\* \* \*

Being everlastingly on the job  
beats carrying a rabbit's foot for  
luck.

\* \* \*

## BACK HOME?

Of course the chap who wears a maroon and white trimming on his o. d. hat is just as anxious to go home as the buddy who wears blue or red or any other of the colors of the rainbow.

All of us came into the service for the duration of the war. And now the Kaiser's Eagle's screaming victory on the banks of the Rhine, "back home" is what everyone's thinking about.

But just a minute! Is the war over for the medical units?

How about the buddies up in the wards with their wounds still unhealed? How about those who still need operations and careful treatment to make them fit men again?

The Medical Corps' part of the war is still going on—the war against pain and disability.

The Medical Department is just as anxious to demobilize as any other branch of the service. But in many cases, until the war wounded have been turned out hale and hearty again, surgeons will have to continue to sacrifice large private practices, corps men will have to put up with the often strenuous and disagreeable duties of the hospital routine.

After all, haven't the men who sacrificed arms and legs and eyes in France a right to ask someone else to make a sacrifice for them, until they are able to care for themselves?

\* \* \*

There are two things about which one should never worry—that which cannot be helped and that which can be.

\* \* \*

## VALEDICTORY.

Three-cent postage will be discontinued on July 1 and the two-cent rate restored.—News item.

A long farewell,  
Three-cent stickers;  
Thy work is done  
(And so is liquor's.)

You were quite swell  
In violet hue,  
But, ah!—you wore  
That same old glue!

You did your bit  
And helped to fill  
That bottomless pit—  
Burleson's till.

You nicked us all  
An extra coin,  
So we won't weep  
Because you're goin'!

One last good-bye,  
One farewell lick;  
Now, please clear out,  
AND clear out QUICK!—Ex.



**WILL CARTOON CANS.**

Our versatile cartoonist, Pvt. 1st c. M. A. Dunning, has in store for the readers of Gee Aitch 43 a novel and comic series of cartoons depicting the most essential uses for G. I. Cans in the Army. He has just begun work on this series, and it will not do for us to give you too much prior information, but we warn you not to be surprised if you see this front cover in some of the coming issues portraying the well known can converted into a flying machine, an ice cream freezer or a box to bury some of us veterans. We'll leave it to the cartoonist to divulge the secret in the coming issues. Watch closely.

**SGT. MCCARTHY BACK FROM FURLOUGH.**

The indomitable backstop of the local baseball team, who has been having a big time up North for the past several days, came back early this week in the pink of condition, with the exception of a slightly sore arm, sustained in a major league baseball game that he indulged in while away. We'll all soon see him back at work on the diamond. Welcome back, old top.

**OFFICER'S DANCE ON FRIDAY.**

The dance scheduled for Officers has been altered, and instead of holding their dances on Wednesday nights, they will in the future, use the Red Cross Convalescent House on Friday nights. Therefore, the dancing party arranged for last night was called off, and officers, their wives and friends will hold forth tomorrow evening instead.

**SYMPATHY, BUT NOT CONGRATULATIONS.**

Sarge Hamilton: "What do you write to a person getting married?" Tom Coonan: "Send 'em a letter of regret."

Since receiving his new "suit" Maher hopes they issue a cane, then he'll cut some ice around here with his "palm beacher."

Sgt. McG., remember that the Red Cross is your friend at all times.

"You run, and I will run after you. Come on, Hosey, let's kiss 'em" was Arntz's command during the dance Tuesday evening.

**A Busy Bee.**

Pvt. 1st c. Waxman, the ever-busy man, doing a fifteen-hour daily routine of business (?)

Gaze upon Pvt. Harry Lefkowitz, the man in the officer's leggings.

"My kingdom for a 'stripe,'" and still Jake Schaeffer raves on.

"Wait 'till I get my suit, I'll be right at home, doing a 'Gay White Way' step around here, and show 'em sumthin' that'll make 'em sit up and take notice." Don't miss McGauley's new white wash serge uniform. It's a prince!

Strong men may go and strong men may come, but we have one here, oh, boy! that claims all he has to do is just grab them by the horns, and pronto! the deed is done. Now all you boys from the smoky city take notice. Was he working in the stock yards back home, or does he mean dead ones?

**MAGICIANS AT PHOEBUS RED CIRCLE SATURDAY.**

The Norman Magician Company will give an entertainment at the Red Circle Club in Phoebus, Saturday evening, June 21st, 1919, at 8:45 P. M.

**HIGH HOPES ALL IN VAIN, SAYS OUR BIRDIE.**

By means of an old graft ruse, Sgt. Ludwig Dietrick of the local band, appealed to one of the band sergeants concerning an H. D. and used ten pennyworth of ice cream as bribe. Alas, the appealed to could not effect anything and Dietrick now mourns his loss of time and money. It looks as though they were going to keep him until the very last. "Another ten cents gone wrong."



## A SOLDIER'S LETTER TO HIS MOTHER.

(Contributed.)

Dear Maw:—

Well Maw, howdy—how is you and Paw getting along now. Say, Maw, I sho're am glad to get back to the States. Say Maw, wish you would sell that spotted calf, I guess as how she is a cow by now. For maw if steamboats were selling for one cent each, I couldn't buy the echo of the whistle; for Maw it shure have been a long time since I got paid. I lost all my money shooting craps, and Maw it don't pay to put your trust in no one in a crap game. I and Joe started out with ten francs and dang-ed if Joe didn't throw two birds' eyes right off the reel. Maw, I guess I've lern't a lot since I've been in the Army what you and Paw will never know.

Well, Maw, bon swar, Maw this is French. I don't guess you know what this means, but it means good-bye, just the same. Well, Maw, you know when we was in the war, we got cigarettes, but since we are back in the States, we don't get any except those Miss Red Cross gives us, and that is mighty fine. I guess, Maw, you never heerd tell of her, but Maw I know a whole lot of things I ain't going to tell everybody, cause they'd all get jealous. Well, Maw, I was talking to the Captain, and I axed him what did they have us in this hospital for, and he just luffed and said, "luny." So I guess Maw, you'll be proud of me when I get to be a lewy, only I didn't know they sent them to this horspittle to train them.

Your loving son,

OLE REG.

p. s.—Maw, in my next letter I'll have to tell you about the dance we had up to Miss Red Cross's house the other night, and how I stepped on one of them city gal's feet.

## FOUND.

Bunch of keys, on baseball grounds. Owner may have same by identifying them. Call at office of this paper.

## LARGE ATTENDANCE AT ENLISTED MEN'S DANCE

(Continued from page 1.)

new hostess, and it was her first real job since her entrenchment here. The dance was the most successful yet held on this Post. Cooling refreshments were served.

### A Word of Appreciation From the Entertainment Director.

Mr. Knulley, Red Cross Entertainment Director on the Post, has this to say in connection with the dance. We quote his own words, which are as follows: "Through the splendid co-operation of Mrs. Hunter Booker, Hampton, and Mrs. Hamblin, Phoebe, of the Ladies' Dance Committee of the Red Circle Clubs of Hampton and Phoebe which provided a pretty girl for every dancer, and the good work of the dance committee, the litter squad detail, the Motor Transport detail and our ever faithful orchestra, the enlisted men's dance in the Red Cross Convalescent House last evening was a big and happy success."

Just before the dance, Pvt. Dieleman, a patient of Ward 21, put on a trapeze and tumbling act which was a great hit and enjoyed by everybody.

Atta Boy! Let's all work together!

### The New Hostess.

Mrs. H. Taylor Moore arrived a few days ago from Camp Lee, Va., and has relieved Miss Campbell, as Red Cross hostess with the local organization. Mrs. Moore, a vivacious young woman, has been associated with war camp work since May, 1917, spending most of her time at Camp Upton, N. Y. and Camp Lee, Va. Her home is at Middletown, N. Y. Her first real job since arriving here was the handling of the Red Cross dance, wherewith she functioned delightfully and much to the approval of all. She shows keen interest in the work and has plunged into her new work with genuine enthusiasm. In a capacity where these factors and a pleasing personality are paramount, we predict for Mrs. Moore abundant success.